

Jan. 5, 1945

Belgium

Darling,

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Today was fun. We stayed in our sacks until just before lunch. It was a beautiful cold, clear day, today, so we started for a small hike, but wound up taking a hay-ride in a nifty rubber-tired wagon belonging to our friend of New Year's Eve. We drove gaily off to a neighboring village, where we had a few beers, then came careening back, Ernie in the driver's seat yelling unintelligible commands in his own particular brand of Flemish, much to the amazement of the local populace.

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4:00 P.M. A considerable gap has occurred.

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The military news continues to be undecisive. I wonder if the people at home have any feeling or idea of the tenseness of the situation. To say that things are critical is a mild statement. The Germans appear to be involved in a full, all-out effort, a supreme gamble to win all. Their prize, if they win, is three allied armies destroyed, Belgium and half of France regained, the pressure on the Reich relieved for a year or more. Not a pleasant picture from where I sit. Why cannot the United States realize what it is to fight people who are determined and who are themselves fighting a total war. Our refusal to mobilize our complete resources and manpower is costing us men, materials, and time, and actually is jeopardizing our whole effort. But enough of this -- we can only pray that we have enough stuff to withstand the pressure, and champ and fume because we're not in it ourselves! But we live in a vacuum, knowing the bubble may burst at any time. The sweat, blood, and tears may just be starting.

Life here remains intriguing, but it is hard to play the drone when there is men's work to be done.

Well, sweetie, supper time has come around again. It is wonderful to know that my personal home front is iron-bound, as sure and strong and worthwhile a thing as exists in all this world.

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All of me -- H